

The Song Series

by Amy Fortuna

Category: Star Wars

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Summary: A series of stories inspired by songs that cover the end of TPM through the first year after Qui-Gon's death. SLASH.

1. Color Them Wonderful

Title: Color Them Wonderful

Author: Amy Fortuna (peacefulpassion@hotmail.com)

Rating: PG

Category: Romance, POV

Disclaimer: Ewan, honey, 'blue-ey, gray-ey, green-ey' doesn't cut it. This little thing, therefore, was a irresistable impulse. Your fault, it is.

Archive: Just my site.

Series: No.

Warnings: Unbeta'ed and practically unedited.

Spoilers: No.

Summary: Qui-Gon gets all mushy over Obi-Wan's eyes.

Feedback: It's a wonderful thing.

They are like a calm sea on a bright summer day.

Or like the delicate fog misting silently over the midnight waters, tenderly yearning for the sunrise.

Or, maybe, like a silver sun-struck glance, stars falling glittery in the haze.

Or a morning song caroled by a jubilant bird against a background of tree and sky.

Or the inner side of a dark green wave, reaching out to sweep over the lands in passionate thunder.

Or like the twinkle of minute suns beyond the edge of mortal sight.

Or like the grass under a solemn-standing tree, holding out rest and safety.

Or like a candle welcoming home the weary traveller, sparkling out the window of a humble home.

Or like the underside of a dark cloud on a stormy day, ready to explode in tears.

Some days, they can be fiery with hidden desire in one moment and shuttered shyly in pretended innocence the next.

When I look into his eyes, I see.

I see my destiny.

I see my heart.

I see my Obi-Wan.

2. What Keeps Me Down

Title: What Keeps Me Down

Author: Amy Fortuna (peacefulpassion@hotmail.com)

Rating: PG

Category: POV

Disclaimer: George, I have no money, I spent it all on toys and fourteen showings of your movie. Therefore, don't sue me.

Archive: master_apprentice, SWAL, WWOMB; anywhere else, just ask, I won't say no.

Series: The 'inspired by a song' series--the same universe, but can be read in any order. Timeline is (Color Them Wonderful), What Keeps Me Down, Star-Crossed Voyager, What Do You Say?, Can't Be Really Gone, In The Still of the Night, Leave It All Behind.

Warnings: Follows canon...

Spoilers: Yeah.

Summary: Qui-Gon's POV of That Scene.

Feedback: Is what makes life worth living.

Notes: Inspired by "Leave," a song by REM from the soundtrack to "A Life Less Ordinary."

I am spinning through the hazy air, drifting, falling. Is it my release at last, or a cruel mockery? Through the pain that lessens as I leave, I sense a faint call, a voice that I cannot deny.

Obi-Wan is calling me.

Oh, love, I am so sorry, but I must yield to this beauty that is seizing me.

I must...

And you drag me back to solid ground and your arms.

"Master," you say, and your voice is my anchor, your tears my touch to reality.

You're what keeps me down, prevents me from lazy eternity and forever rest for a moment longer.

And I remember what to tell you.

Oh, Obi-Wan, I love you, but you know.

Swear to me, my Obi-Wan. Promise me you'll train him. I see darkness either way, but if you--oh, love, you will, I know you--if you train him, there will be light beyond the darkness and we will be together forever.

If not, I see only the blackest of nights with no return to brighter days. And you will be gone, lost forever.

But I cannot tell you that.

Promise me. And I touch you, amazed that I see tears on your face. Am I that much to you indeed, my love?

Sharp pain races through me and I control a cry that would escape.

You have never looked more beautiful, my Obi-Wan, my Padawan.

I hold your eyes with my own--there is a long lonely wait ahead. I will meet you there when it is over.

Leave...I must leave now...the hazy brightness calls again and I cannot hold on any longer. I close my eyes and you sob briefly, laying your face over mine, lips touching far too lightly.

I'm the one who is leaving, but I feel like I'm letting you go.

Farewell...it is only for a little while.

3. Star Crossed Voyager

Title: Star-Crossed Voyager

Author: Amy Fortuna (peacefulpassion@hotmail.com)

Rating: PG

Category: POV, angst

Disclaimer: I don't own the Jedi, George gets the money.

Archive: master_apprentice, WWOMB, SWAL; anywhere else, just ask, I won't say no.

Series: The 'inspired by a song' series--the same universe, but can be read in any order. Timeline is (Color Them Wonderful), What Keeps Me Down, Star-Crossed Voyager, What Do You Say?, Can't Be Really Gone, In The Still of the Night, Leave It All Behind.

Warnings: Follows canon...

Spoilers: Yeah.

Summary: Obi-Wan takes a last look.

Feedback: Is what makes life worth living.

Notes: Title taken from the song: "Can You Feel The Love Tonight."

Utterly drained.

He could not have moved, not even to save his life.

But he had to move. Sometime.

In the blink of an eye, his life had changed forever. He would never fight beside his master again, never hear the tender stern voice, never kiss--

Enough. Madness lay this way.

Then let madness come.

The still cold body. So beautiful. Even in the silence of death, a work of art.

The face, the face he had caressed so many times, running fingers across it as though to memorize every part. The strong high forehead, the oh-so-expressive eyebrows, the once-broken nose (a story and lesson lay behind it), the steady blue eyes, compassion and kindness always highest in them, the lips he had kissed, the hair he had run his hands across, through, over, in.

The hands. They would never touch him with steel-hard softness again. Those hands that had so tenderly loved him so long ago for the first

time would never set his body aflame with desire again.

And, oh, the voice. Never again would he hear his name called in all the tones that he knew the meanings of so well. The cry of desire fulfilled, the laughter, the stern rebuke, the irony, the unerring logic, would never resound through him again so fully that he would be forced to agree, hopelessly, desperately.

Tracing the profile of the face, he bent to kiss the silent lips, a gesture of thanks for all the words he had heard from him, the words of teaching, of warning, of rebuke, of encouragement, of peace, of love.

Moments passed like seconds and all too soon the rush of the universe caught up with him, as he slowly realized that life still went on, battles were being fought above him, and the fate of a planet lay in the balance.

Qui-Gon's lightsaber in his hand, he left the still-warm body on the floor and headed back to the sunlight, heart numb with grief.

4. What Do You Say?

Title: What Do You Say?

Author: Amy Fortuna (peacefulpassion@hotmail.com)

Rating: PG

Category: Angst, POV

Disclaimer: I don't own the Jedi, and I don't make a dime.

Archive: master_apprentice, WWOMB, SWAL; anywhere else, just ask, I won't say no.

Series: The 'inspired by a song' series--the same universe, but can be read in any order. Timeline is (Color Them Wonderful), What Keeps Me Down, Star-Crossed Voyager, What Do You Say?, Can't Be Really Gone, In The Still of the Night, Leave It All Behind.

Spoilers: Yes, for TPM.

Summary: Obi-Wan has to tell Anakin about (spoiler).

Feedback: Does Obi want his master?

Notes: Inspired by Reba McEntire's 'What Do You Say?'

Obi-Wan raced up the last catwalk and passed through the still-open door into the hanger.

A small crowd of pilots, apparently just back from the airfight, was gathered around a single plane, and in the plane...

"Oh, no," Obi-Wan groaned, walking up. "What did he do?"

A pilot turned at the sound of his voice and began telling him how Anakin flew the plane, blew up the Control Ship and saved the day.

Obi-Wan shook his head. Already Qui-Gon was proven correct, he thought, the boy needed to be trained.

A stab of pain went through him at the thought that Qui-Gon was not here to be proud of the feat, but he shoved it down, buried it in the depths of his being, and called over the chattering crowd to the boy.

Anakin rushed over to him, eyes narrowing when he did not see Qui-Gon there too.

"Where's...oh."

It must have been something in Obi-Wan's expression, because comprehension dawned in Anakin's eyes and he flung himself forward, abruptly, into Obi-Wan's arms.

"No, no, don't tell me," Anakin said. "He's dead, right?"

Tears sprang to Obi-Wan's eyes as he knelt on a level with the boy.

"Yes. He is."

Anakin closed his eyes, and unexpectedly, laid his head on Obi-Wan's shoulder, shaking, silent tears streaming down his face to soak into Obi-Wan's tunic.

The pilots filed quietly away, and Anakin and Obi-Wan sat together there for a long time, not speaking, sharing their first moment of unity in their grief for Qui-Gon.

5. Can't Be Really Gone

Title: Can't Be Really Gone

Author: Amy Fortuna (peacefulpassion@hotmail.com)

Rating: PG

Category: Angst, POV

Disclaimer: I don't own the boyz. Or Anakin. Oh well. I can still play with them.

Archive: master_apprentice, SWAL; anywhere else, just ask, I won't say no.

Series: The 'inspired by a song' series--the same universe, but can be read in any order. Timeline is (Color Them Wonderful), What Keeps Me Down, Star-Crossed Voyager, What Do You Say?, Can't Be Really Gone, In The Still of the Night, Leave It All Behind.

Warnings:

Spoilers: Yes, for TPM.

Summary: Obi-Wan comes home after Naboo.

Feedback: Compliments are recieved with hugs and kisses and wots of wuv and are treasured forever. Criticism is appreciated. Flames are ignored.

Notes: Inspired by Tim McGraw's 'Can't Be Really Gone.'

Woodenly, Obi-Wan lifted a hand, pressed the button that opened the door of his home and stepped through, Anakin following in his wake.

Everything looked so ordinary! There, on the couch, lay a datapad that he and his master had studied together the night before they left for Naboo; after looking over the document on Queen Amidala, they had gotten involved in...other things and the datapad had been tossed aside and forgotten somewhere between their kisses.

Obi-Wan picked up the datapad, frowning, then dropped it again absently. He motioned to the door, waving Anakin farther into the room.

"Come in, Padawan."

Anakin walked in and silently waited. Obi-Wan remembered that this place was completely new to the boy.

"Ah, Anakin?" he said, fumbling with his hands. "I guess you'll have my old room and I..."

Breaking off the rather pointless speech, he opened the door to the 'Padawan's Room,' which had not been slept in for several years, and gestured inside.

"Why don't go in and, uh, get settled?" he said.

Anakin complied, still not speaking, and Obi-Wan turned away to the other door, which stood closed and quiet.

Well.

Now or never.

And tapping the button, he stepped through the door, stopping just on the other side. The door slid shut behind him.

Here, oh Force, here the sense of Qui-Gon was so strong. Here in this room they had made love for the last time, that afternoon when Anakin was being tested.

Obi-Wan closed his eyes, slumping against the wall, and allowed himself to get lost in the memory.

Their hands and lips moving over warm skin, they had worshipped each

other, caught in timeless waves of echoing love and adoration, unlike their usual frenzied lovemaking. They had taken it slow for once and the result had been a wonderful memory for the dark times, which had come far sooner than anyone could have guessed.

Obi-Wan pulled himself out of the daydream and away from the wall.

He had a life to live, and a padawan to train. Lover's musings could wait.

6. In The Still Of The Night

Title: In The Still Of The Night

Author: Amy Fortuna (peacefulpassion@hotmail.com)

Rating: PG-13

Category: POV

Disclaimer: I don't own the Jedi, and I don't make a dime.

Archive: master_apprentice, WWOMB, SWAL; anywhere else, just ask, I won't say no.

Series: The 'inspired by a song' series--the same universe, but can be read in any order. Timeline is (Color Them Wonderful), What Keeps Me Down, Star-Crossed Voyager, What Do You Say?, Can't Be Really Gone, In The Still of the Night, Leave It All Behind.

Spoilers: Yes, for TPM.

Summary: Obi-Wan dreams.

Feedback: Does Obi want his master?

Notes: Inspired by some song. I know I've heard it somewhere, but I can't remember which one.

Obi-Wan shifted against the bed, sliding into another dream restlessly:

Qui-Gon against him as the dawn broke over the Temple, waking up him up with gentle kisses all over his face and hair.

"Ah, Obi-Wan, my love," he was saying, punctuating the words with light touches of his lips.

Obi-Wan was aching with desire, craving his master.

Feather-light fingers moved down his body, torturing him with cruel patience.

The warm heat of a mouth moved across his torso, seizing a taut nipple here, skirting one there.

Obi-Wan moaned, trying not to beg and plead, all too quickly losing the battle.

"Master," he groaned, barely able to formulate the word.

Qui-Gon understood what he wanted.

Surging down his padawan's lithe body, struggling in passion, he took the hard cock in, all the way in one motion. Obi-Wan sobbed and bucked his hips, lost in sensation. Qui-Gon held him steady, moving that mouth up and down his shaft.

Such sweet delight could only last for a little while, Obi-Wan gasped in pleasure and collapsed, panting for breath. He was dimly aware of Qui-Gon beside him...but this was...this was...

A dream. Obi-Wan started up, finding himself alone in his bed, sheets splattered and disorganized.

He rubbed a hand over his face.

Really, this was enough.

7. Leave It All Behind

Title: Leave It All Behind

Author: Amy Fortuna (peacefulpassion@hotmail.com)

Rating: PG-13

Category: POV

Disclaimer: George, I have no money, I spent it all on toys and fourteen showings of your movie. Therefore, don't sue me.

Archive: master_apprentice, SWAL, WWOMB; anywhere else, just ask, I won't say no.

Series: The 'inspired by a song' series--the same universe, but can be read in any order. Timeline is (Color Them Wonderful), What Keeps Me Down, Star-Crossed Voyager, What Do You Say?, Can't Be Really Gone, In The Still of the Night, Leave It All Behind.

Warnings: Follows canon...good for some, bad for others.

Spoilers: Yeah.

Summary: Obi-Wan attempts to find peace one year after The Scene.

Feedback: Is what makes life worth living.

Notes: Inspired by "Leave," a song by R.E.M. from the soundtrack to "A Life Less Ordinary."

Note that the stages of grief are denial, self-blame, anger, and depression. Obi-Wan meditates on their opposites to reach acceptance.

are italics

Obi-Wan stood alone in the middle of the night, listening to the cold pounding sea, wondering, waiting, and for the first time, aching.

One year had drifted by since Naboo. He hadn't shed a tear, but hadn't smiled either, not real smiles. Just forced shadowy things, worlds away from the sweet days **before**, when anything at all could make him smile in the face of danger, plying witty words in a bright haze of delight.

It had been one year.

One year since his universe collapsed on the floor and died, whispering words he did not really want to hear.

Since then, he had shut down. Become like a statue. Trained Qui-Gon's precious 'Chosen One,' but kept his true feelings locked away, frozen stiff in his heart.

No more.

He had to come to terms with Qui-Gon's death, and he had to do it now.

They, these buried emotions, would kill him from the inside out. He would be destroyed, lost to everyone, even Qui-Gon, and that is something he did not wish to happen.

He needed to be whole. He needed to be real. He needed to be alive.

So that is why he was there, alone on the quiet beach in the starlight.

As if in a ceremony, he began to remove his clothes, not really knowing why, merely feeling an irresistible impulse.

He laid his lightsaber, belt, and sash on the ground. Then shed tunics, boots, and pants, folding them neatly and placing them aside.

He would need them again, because, he thought, he **would** go on after this, leaving the past behind, yet not shutting it away from his heart.

Naked now, though in this tropical breeze not cold, he stared out at the endless sea.

Stretching out his hands and closing his eyes, he faced the waves, though a little away from their cool touch.

And took one step forward.

The step of acknowledgement.

He remembered screaming denial, his master's eyes meeting his, emotions unguarded for a split second, love and terror surging through their bond.

It happened. Oh Force, it really happened and what am I without you?

Shivering now, not from cold, from the memory, he took another step, feet touching the cool sand where the waves had washed up.

The step of absolution.

What could he have done to save his master?

...could have...could have done something. Couldn't I have?

No.

Nothing at all.

Trapped behind red walls, he was only able to watch and scream.

Why then did he blame himself, hugging to his breast the shivering "It's my fault"?

...throw it away, cast it to the timeless sea and continue, never again to castigate myself for another's actions...

He took another step and his feet met the cool water that washed up foaming on the beach.

The step of serenity.

One white-hot flash of anger at the universe spun through him and he reels, nearly falling, opening his eyes to see only the midnight sea lapping at his feet.

Ah. This was the hard one then.

Letting go of his anger will be a task more difficult than he thought. Kneeling in the water, hands clasped in front of him, he raised his face to the solemn sky and let the words flow.

Oh, Qui-Gon, love, why...we would have been so happy together...all eternity could not have contained our joy and you had to go and leave me with the boy...

He gasped at his effrontery but continued.

...you spoke of him last instead of speaking to me...instead of telling me you loved me you told me to train him...!

Wait!

Anakin, the Chosen One, was very, *very* important to Qui-Gon.

Qui-Gon could have requested anyone in the Temple to train him, including Master Yoda.

But he did not. He asked *Obi-Wan* to train him.

Therefore, Qui-Gon believed that *Obi-Wan* would be equal to the task.

...He was proud of me. He trusted me. He loved me...

What reason did Obi-Wan have to be angry?

...He told me that he loved me. Not in so many words of course, but in every way that counts...

Obi-Wan's heart melted at this realization.

...Oh, I have been so blind. He really did love me...

Obi-Wan rose back to his feet, stepping forward again into the ankle deep water, now smiling.

The step of acceptance. The last step. The final melting of the frozen thing that his heart had been for the past year.

Never again. Knowing his master loved him, he could go on.

And he flung himself into the water at full length, laughing under his breath.

Joy that he thought had disappeared from his life forever came rushing back and he became giddy with it, turning his face up to the stars, taking water in his hands and throwing it up into the sky, smiling like a child.

The thoughts circled through his mind like the spinning worlds.

...I've hurt so many with my refusal to move on. But no more! I'll live again and one day I may love again...I'll be the best master to Anakin that I possibly can...we'll be the best Jedi team ever...and when I die, I'll rejoin my love in the bliss of eternity...

Laughter. Acceptance. Peace. At last. It was right there waiting for him.

Obi-Wan leaned against the doorframe, watching Anakin, supposedly asleep, on his bed in the moonlight.

"Welcome home, Master," a tired voice said, as the boy sat up. Obi-Wan walked over to the bed and sat down, pulling his padawan into his arms.

"Yes, Ani, I'm home," he said, smiling tenderly into the boy's hair.

"Where were you?" Anakin asked, voice muffled.

Obi-Wan held him tighter and said quietly:

"Anakin, a wound must be cleaned before it can heal. I was...cleansing my heart of all the hurt I felt about," he paused, not sure how to say it, "about Qui-Gon's death."

Anakin looked up. "You loved him."

Obi-Wan smiled. "In many ways."

"You miss him a lot." It was a statement, not a question.

"Yes. Oh, yes, Anakin, I do. But I realized that...we'll see each other again."

Anakin drew back slightly. "That's what my mom said. 'We'll see each other again,'" he quoted shyly.

Obi-Wan brushed a hand over tousled blond hair. "You will," he said. "You will. Count on it, Ani."

Anakin lay back and sighed. "I wish...." Then he changed the subject. "I never saw you smile before like you are tonight. They're real smiles, not pretend ones. Is that what healing is?"

"Yes," Obi-Wan said. How perceptive his padawan had been!

He laid a hand against the boy's hair, touching the braid reverently.

"Ani," he said at last, "just because something is healing doesn't mean it's stopped hurting. I'll need your help."

"What can I do to help, Master?" Anakin asked.

Obi-Wan laughed gently and bent forward until their foreheads were almost touching.

"For one thing, Padawan...you can tell me if you see a pretend smile again, all right?"

"Yes, Master," Anakin smiled in return.

Obi-Wan kissed Anakin's forehead lightly.

"Go to sleep, Ani," he whispered.

The boy's eyes closed instantly, and Obi-Wan stood up, moving away, now at peace.

End
file.